

Pearl Rock Poetry Collection

for his words

'difficulty is a way to enjoy it'

'awards are significant but not your totality'

contents

freedom

the art of living

life is like a movie

blessing

waiting

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wondering phase

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radiating energy

insatiable desire

mastermind

the invisible

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warmth

just is

one

time

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it will

b.

one flower

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heaven

the essence of nature

holistic wonder

ghost

kinetics

elysian

completion

oblivion

sovereignty

a guiding light

the moth

freedom

the road goes down straight ahead

the streets are restricted inside by square

the art of living

walking on a field in a crisp morning

fascinated by the wind, by the rain

life is like a movie

everybody can be a shining protagonist

in your best setting, with your best fellow characters

blessing

each breath, each step

every opportunity, every meeting

is this a chance to evolve

waiting

waiting is not a strategy

yet waiting is sometimes the best we can

until everything becomes uncluttered

learning to be patient, and finding a way

joy

in the horizon of life and death

you can laugh when you are crying

you can do something stupid when things are serious

stubborn fortress

his reprimand came to be a relief

letting me take a breath

tears sinking into black mold

my never-ending thoughts in a storm

pulling the plug myself

dialed in to sorrow

had kept crying bigger and louder

until my stubborn fortress was tiered down

heartless heart

shivering under a blanket

that once felt like a cotton feather

and now feels like a crow's wing

constant delusion made me numb

my auburn heart turning pale

about to terminate the last beat

friendly universe

every shape and size should be reversed back

if it were a friendly universe

nothing stays still

in a million pieces of fluidity

complete isolation

a frail cry from one big wolf

standing alone in an isolated island

but cannot stand anymore

wanna feel something

the rain running through on the skin

the wind cutting through on the face

scared

starting a day with self-loath

haunted by bewildering thoughts

holding on to something that I once let go of

you know how it feels like

i have been by myself so long that I don't know

how to ask for help anymore

i am scared

indicator

the duty from the universe

the time when everything makes sense

when everything steps off track

the very last indicator

wondering phase

a bunch of hanging words in the air that I cannot reach

the terror of a pause

used to think the pause is for the best

the courage to put your foot forward

tears on a pillow

a dark and lonely night

a tangled net of emotions run in the veins

tears overflowing on the face

radiating energy

by the chirping of birds

growing, blossoming, flourishing

the first window, the new light

the first door, the new air

insatiable desire

deeply embedded soul

sleeping with the body

the soul was souring high

floating up in a flash

mastermind

thoughts become default

absolutely no thoughts

disguise over disguise

the invisible

home is not a place

love is not a person

time passes, truth reveals

we say things we don't mean all the time

what's real is behind the facade

trust

it is hard to balance out

it is confusing

it's better than being a hypocrite

nothing is better than having one

warmth

blanket on a bed

her subtlety of kindness beat me the strongest

the library and stories

a cleared-out room in a quiet

just is

the difference between lost and gone

there is not even a wall and comes indifference

they ask me why

it becomes negative energy

one

different view, different being

from the edge of extremeness

strength of committing to the one

of letting it go

time

up, down, inside, out

time of discovery

what you fight for

a way to slow down

purpose

marriage ain't a liability

family ain't a void filler

for what do you go on

it will

to envision the world

let them imagine

something gotta give

for something greater

b

a car in white

a screen in black

hemisphere of the white

covered in floaters

sphere of the black

shining stars

one flower

an openly closed flower

the floral spirit up to the sunshine

the intangible growth in the stilled stems

becoming

it's going, it will get there

the person you becoming vanishes into thin air

a voice on a record, a face in the mirror

doing the right thing has a way of ending

the person you becoming fast-forwarding

who deserves more than that

knows where it's going, and eventually ends

the person who you are

the person who you will be

it's becoming, it's ending

the glasses

last month, the last remains

when given a chance, i did not let go of

for the reason of no money

its blurs and the invisibles

the style, sophisticated pieces, which differentiates

messiness from dirtiness

conventional from traditional

mirroring

the age of innocence was maybe the closest to the truth

how do you know what you see is real

if it's told to be real, who will you believe

in the face of the other half, the reflection is mirroring pieces of the identity

the day of a revolution

having heard as big of a roaring hurricane that could wake us

jumped into the flood of water, soaking half the body next morning

is there a 'second chance' after the second chance

crazy moments can remind of what you were

the number of things that you cannot let go of without fighting it

all i ever remember is humidity inside

will it ever be clear

at the traffic light

stopped once out on the road

the chaos where the traffic runs

the road that's reading between the line

telling us the faintest hint of unspent times

in the flash of moments

one step behind

on the spot, you said so

one who lives by the rules of nature

chasing ghosts, playing footsteps

again, the same old feeling that daunts on

the airflow eases little pieces of an entity that conveys us all

a bitter-sweet energy rushes and hurts you in its aftermath

it's all because you wanted so

home

never realized they were teaching me in disguise

making fun of me, loving me, spending time together

like a princess who's somehow living a normal life

as though imperfection were perfect

how privileged it was

coming to the place where you belong

the beauty of life

the beauty of life is what cannot be expressed by words

the sense of something that is breathtaking in its beauty

what you see is the invisible

the beauty of the intangible

blessed

what a blessed life it is

thought we were never going to make it

through it all, we are still standing

having left anything to chances

all of this is the signs

reminding us to

to believe in good faith

to fight for the honor

every emotion

found myself waving at the airport

caught myself in a night sky motel

all those choices you made

all those promises you swore

it makes you feel every emotion

where does this notion come from

it goes and comes in motion

goes and comes back in motion

unspoken

you were not going to but did it anyway

you did not know until it happened

mistakes were better than regrets

not doing it would have been harder

choices were made

chances had been misplaced

truer words were never spoken

invisible

we outgrow into who you least expected to be

becoming who is above and beyond yourself

leaving people you cared about behind

even what used to be your sentimental value

looking your reflection in the eye

you'd be nothing if not sincere

you'd be a nobody

positivity & luck

playing with grains of sand in the playfield

washing hands, seemed as though the world revolves around you as your young self

they say, luck is where hardwork meets opportunity

it is easy to be seen, to be heard, to be noticed

not to seek the answers from others

or make someone realize what is

or even demand self-preservation

running in a circle over and over

on to the next steps all along

that's what makes you whole

it's blurry, and it's dull

but it's not blind

don't you see

the world at your feet

in the dark

a train of thoughts runs through flashbacks

passing random resemblance of sorts

crossing mixed dark sheer spreads of black and red

lingering sound of voice in disguise

hoping for the light of day

what meant to happen
the day it collapsed
this day it crashed
got right in the living moment as an event unfolds
aware of what it takes, it compensates
voice was not shaky
apologies had been made
would you have done the same if you got another chance to do it over again
things were unmanageable back then
taught you that you'd lost yourself
today, it was answerable
inevitable causes and outcomes
things it gets away with
intents on which it triggers
feelings are indescribable
symbols and reminders
mistakes you learn from
miracles faith leads
the identified patterns that repeat
things happen the way it's supposed to
what really counts, what you actually care

hard truth
neither a fake lie, nor a honest truth
borrowed time and chasing ghosts in a supposed conversation
says the implied inception
here comes the wind and the sun of a God's narrative
what do they value you for
manufactured ounce of tears, engineered crooked smile
that pretended voice it echos
here goes the same old songs and dance
what good is that gonna do
closet's skeletons falling down
frozen eyes melting away
leaving layers of unease
fluctuating a pal of secrecy
never ceased to,
somehow managed to,
another inning to have it in, the other calling have it out

home wonderland

heard the knock on a door but you said no

forgot the simplest rule of the world that you learned in a kindergarten

makes you freeze

difficult to float

kindest gesture touches and pushes you away

like two points at opposite sides go inverse and never crosses

little more fiction to sound real and true

didn't even notice they'd noticed

they say, 'nothing is perfect'

shook the head and thought it was more than perfect

tt's like wonderland

leap

an unleashed contrail in the doubling cloud

passing the fades of never-lasting phases

reversing into present acts in a rearview mirror

this winter came a month later

last year that felt like a twelve-year

a law of attraction and Aesop's fable

this moment, for the time being, let it stay like forever

transcending moments after moments that'd be washed away in a heartbeat

these transcendent petals so much as be a yesterday's news

golden childhood

a girl asks her mom, what does the world look like

she wonders if there'd be her story ever told

imagines a picture where bubbles flow slowly and pop up in a dream come true

'you are the most beautiful girl'

'you are going to jump high and become big'

every opportunity, every encounter

things happen for a reason

never forget the old water in a new pond

always need more space to grow in the pod

now you are walking down the road and see

flowers are smiling up,

there are birds as you look up,

the sky's blue as ever,

like every window opens up a whole new world for you

denial

a cry for help

lost in the city

‘we are in this together, right’

‘nice to meet you

‘you look like really beautiful’

sorry for the mess

‘be humble’

thank you for the help

good bye, don’t want to be selfish now

sincerely

obedience

winter is coming

dark knight, tour de force

hard-fought, hard-won fights

rules that abide by

to follow the instruction, meet requirements

every trick in the book

only cards left to play

compensating your way through life in the eyes of God

there by the grace of God

oh Earth, fall on your knee

the Duty from the Universe

running

people tell stories, stories that seem too familiar

it gets to a point where these stories sound too cruel, where it hurts

put in a position where you don't have a choice

writing, traveling, teaching

it walks, it runs

the train was moving faster

running through a rough spell

no one stands the chance

nothing is set in stone

thought to, out of intuition

it goes on

faithfulness

God is faithfulness

sins that don't give justice

feelings are blinding, behest of strangers

unsettling thoughts passing undercover

smiles across shades, wrinkles full of nuances

unmet eyes staring at one gray stain

fingers folding in between layers of silence

head descending into dark clouds

heart that bridges fleeting spirits

hand stretching out toward a silver lining

God forbid, sees where you've been

knows it, what would have made you different

and things that irrevocably don't work certain ways

something has to, or it runs out by its own

god is faithfulness, hereby

with fate in God's hands

we ask for mercy, for forgiveness

grand finale

banging head against the wall in preamble

in the vicinity to be swallowed up whole

pace keeps to crescendo at the near peak

“don’t care why you did it”, mentor mutters softly

need a plan but wonder if that’s some disappointment

mundane moments add up to the sublime

no matter how slow it goes, how long it takes

never loses faith that it shines through

tranquility

headless routine and bourgeois tradition

wake up to the soundless night, you stare

arduous journey, roaming cows

had full of holes on a black blanket, you held

departure and return

flames rose, still and unfathomable

just sitting there, idling

tantamount to conglomerate of things

had yet to explore

invisible girl

a private life

a kingdom of isolation

a lone wolf as ever

afraid to be seen

doesn't like obstructed exits

who wants nothing

who stops speaking

she's nobody, transparent, nonexistent

complexity

- life in all its complexity

suffering and peace

holding breath, biting tongue

burnt in the pain of the past

frozen in fear

made you numb, got paralyzed

felt relieved for not having to abandon

fight to be right

breaking dawn

breaking free

the sense of an ending
knowing it is ending to the haze of blooms
every moment is a window on all time
a myriad of proses as the fruit of a thousand years
new magic of a dusty world in surge
leapt the rich meadows of youth
crept senses in a clatter of innocence and purity
like perishing in the polar night
long voyages, incarnadine discoveries
a impossible anguish on a faded grandeur
the star calls us forward

heaven

song of hope, song of life

day's phosphorescent sunlight

stand on your presence

pulling you miles away

filled the sea with the flood of tears

how could you possibly imagine

this is just before the story

song to sing, hymn to hum

night's incandescent sunset

your presence fills your eyes

pushing through the darkness still another mile

watched the ship of dreams washed away

things that cannot possibly be explained

the story's just begun

unfinished song, unexpressed love

we are indebted to our memory

this is the sanctity of human spirits

paradox of bigotry, euphoria of absolution

cope with our grief, sew up our wounds

the dying star finally returns

stars burn brightest right before they die

like God puts an angel on us

the luckiest one alive

thy grace, let it shine

on earth as it is in heaven

the essence of nature

aristocratic aberrations, damaging absolutes of society

hypocrisy against heroism

rampants of volatile feud, scouring off with left-handed contrition

surrendered, without a trace of rusted iron

wretched, bewitched by, debauched down

the air wafts cold on skin, molten up though spin

unearths the unknown

brawling river, the pine scent

fears in fantasies, torment in agony

virile women versus feminine men

bouts of sipid vengeance howling through revelation

summoned the nature, the constant nurture

it constrains, consumes, doggedly, dismally

a cloud of obscure fog covers at midday

one's gain in dying

up mirrors in odd corners

holistic wonder

a long-lost sister, a tell-tale heart

a delinquent teen, the docile daughter

woman in white, saviors' sacrifice

victorian houses, bohemian bubble

pretty little thing, deep dark woods

run beneath the sun, on the banks below

power for powerless, dangerous or in danger

flown like a kite, thrown like a rug

ghost

spirits that repel, shadows cast over

a blade in the fan perpetuates perfectly

haunting like mirror, hoarding out

dysfunctional dynamics that roam emotions

walking along that raised ridge without falling

kinetics

a rite of raging passage

the trail of collapsed events

through pure conformity

through the filtered kaleidoscope

alternating nights of freedom

the feeling you can't simulate

who turns potential energy into kinetic

cartographer to explorer

elysian

the dolorous state that it followed

clinging to the emotional scraps

irreparable demolition of own volition

unabridged chaos of Godliest gift

the unwilling resin left in the wake

completion

a two-bit dreamer, recreating your original

nestling birds, small yearlings

August's mother as loving God

gaping silence, entrenched tide

a collective colony gathers for the Father

ordained by a vengeful quest for power

thou wilt thwart for solace

omnipotent is Lord and Savior

deliberate subversion is of paramount importance

e'er the Sun sets, ne'er forsaketh

the ship disembarks

it all completes

oblivion

a dying star

a shout into the void

the vaguely pedophilic endures affliction

in the midst of a grand soliloquy

hamartia, a fatal flaw

inexorable decline, plateaued

fated to obliterate

is a grenade to explode

some infinities that are bigger than other infinities

sovereignty

how it must feel

deposing monarch

the lord of light

dodging the imperial fleets

when the sun rises

flaunting excesses

head on a spike

unbowed in rebellion

reforms of the flesh

suspecting intrigue

fearing revolt

transpired contumaciously

Gods be good

'tis windmill of night watch

the siege, verges on

befalls the realm

the guiding light

usurper's exile

was a lethal battle

excelsior to manifest

epitomizes religiously

delaying prelude

derailed, mea culpa

deer caught in headlights

cross the guiding light

the moth

orlando, the moth

wooden and stilted in a fjord

seething contempt in stupefaction

boundaries, the beginning

secrecy, the security

absolute singularity on pillars of atomics

in the throes of Godless mess